

ornaments are in the shops. We did not kill the birds."

Pardon me; you are as much a murderer, at least, as the hunter sent at your demands to bring those bird lives for sacrifice to the altar of your love for fashion. You will wear the evidence of cruelty, and smile and be merry under the burden of your guilt.

Words cannot go but a short way, can mean so little. I would that they could bring to the understanding of all those who read this magazine that the question that these facts present is no small matter, not the clamoring of a few alarmists, but a menacing evil, a terrible possibility which is threatening our land.

Our vegetation would suffer more than can be estimated from the countless number of destroying insects, were it not for the birds who consume them. Aside from this, what would it be without the little heralds of dawn, who have so much brightness in their hearts that they know the coming of light before it has fairly crept into the blue of the sky?

What would nature do if the sunshine of the world were not put to music in the trees? Think of a spring without the love calls of the birds! Can we get along without our songsters in the land? Then how can we stop their destruction? Only by women, in one great body and in the love of humanity, standing up for the right; lifting their voices in one mighty chorus of determination against this awful devastation of life and song, this sacrifice of joyous existence to vain desire for ornament.

It is only by individuals resolving not to wear the evidences of bird destruction that any army can be raised to save the glad songster's lives.

The shops are displaying countless birds' wings and aigrettes for women's bonnets. Fashion magazines are once more informing their readers that bird ornaments will continue to be exceedingly fashionable.

Can humanity's pleadings be heard above fashion's clamor? Let us trust that women will answer as becomes their womanhood.—*North American Review*.

## The Little People

JUNIOR LESSON FOR APRIL 17th

Lessons from great missionaries—Acts 13:1-3, 13-33, 42-52

### SOME GREAT MISSIONARIES

Below we give the names of some of the world's greatest missionaries:

William Carey.	David Livingstone.
Adoniram Judson.	Mrs. Ann Judson.
John Eliot.	Harriet Newell.
David Brainerd.	Robert Moffat.
Henry Martin.	Peter.
Paul.	Christ.

### WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THEM

We might fill all the columns of the EVANGELIST, and then have told only very briefly the story of

these missionaries. And these are but a few of the noble men and women who gave their lives to the cause of missions. We wish to point out a few lessons to be learned from them:

From William Carey, learn to attempt great things for God.

From Livingstone, learn to endure great hardships for Christ's sake.

From Harriet Newell, learn to sacrifice all for Him. Harriet Newell and Mrs. Judson were the first women who ventured to carry the gospel to heathen lands. She died and was buried far from home without having told the story of Jesus to one person. The story of her beautiful life has been a greater influence to missions than a thousand years of a less unselfish one could have been.

From Brainerd, learn to have an undying love for souls.

From Peter, learn that God's love extends to all people

From Paul, the greatest of all missionaries except Christ, learn that you can do all things thro Christ

From Christ, the one great missionary who came to the world, learn to do only the will of God. He was the first missionary, and came from heaven, that beautiful country, into this world of sin and sorrow that he might bring to us the joy of salvation. He says to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

### OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

Dear boys and girls:—You will notice that we have added a new department to the paper and this department is for you. We call our boys and girls the "Little People," because they are people no less than men and women are people, only they have not yet grown up. We take great interest in these little people for it will not be long until they will be the big people, the men and women who will take our places and do the work we now do. For this work they should prepare themselves, and we give them this place in the paper to help them in preparing for this great life work. When you reach the age of those who are now carrying on the work of the church, you ought to be much better prepared for the work than they are, because you have many advantages which they did not have. What you want to do first of all is to give your heart to Jesus, become a church member, and then go to work and do all you can for Jesus who saved you. This is very necessary if you would become useful in the home and in the church. See that you are in the Sabbath school each Sabbath and do not neglect to attend preaching service. You can always learn something by going to church, and while you are there you are in good company. You never heard of a boy or girl getting into mischief by going to church and Sabbath school. In a future letter we will tell you how you may serve Jesus, how you may work for him and for the church.

In these columns we will select reading matter for you that will be helpful to you, something that will interest and instruct you. For the present we will not print any letters from the little folks as they have to be copied and we are most too busy to do that just now. Many of the boys and girls no doubt attend Junior King's Children or some other young people's society, and for them we will publish the topic each week with such notes as will be helpful to you in preparing the lesson.

### CHASED BY A PRESIDENT

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception they would find at the famous little house in Market Street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future President. One day during a rainstorm a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in the door. In some way he had heard that Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honor of her caresses. And perhaps he should see and speak with the President himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knockings brought no response. No one happened to hear him, and he waited and waited, his heart sinking lower and lower under his torn, dingy jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him and he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his big brown eyes. Some one in the household saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate, and called the attention of Mr. McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the President-elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain, and brought the lad back with him, where Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice-cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had a President of the United States chasing him bareheaded in a rainstorm.—*Utica Observer*.

### EASTER MONDAY AT THE CAPITOL

MARGARET SPENCER

The egg-rolling custom, on Easter Monday, in the President's grounds may be known to many girls and boys, but not all of you young folks have seen with your very own eyes this wonderful picture.

It makes us love and bless the great Artist who paints the skies and grass and trees and flowers, and gives us happy children for life and color and inspiration.

South of the big White House are velvety knolls, with small valleys between the hills. Grand old pines, oaks, chestnuts and maples overshadow the nice seats, and on the tip-top of the highest knoll our Marine Band, in their scarlet coats, play twice a week all Summer long.

These grounds are given up on Easter Monday to the "egg-rolling." In flocks—in armies—the children gather, if the day be sunny, by nine in the morning. Baskets, boxes, buckets, and bags hold their Easter treasures. Scarlet, blue, yellow, and violet-dyed eggs roll down the soft, green hillsides all day—a tide of splendor in the sunshine.

Gayly-turbaned "mammies," with their pretty carriage-loads of handsome babies, in richest robes—a motley crowd of white and black, foreign and American children—all ready for a scramble from the top of the highest hill, for the "first start." The precious eggs are laid out, one by one, from their beds of wool or cotton, their nests of